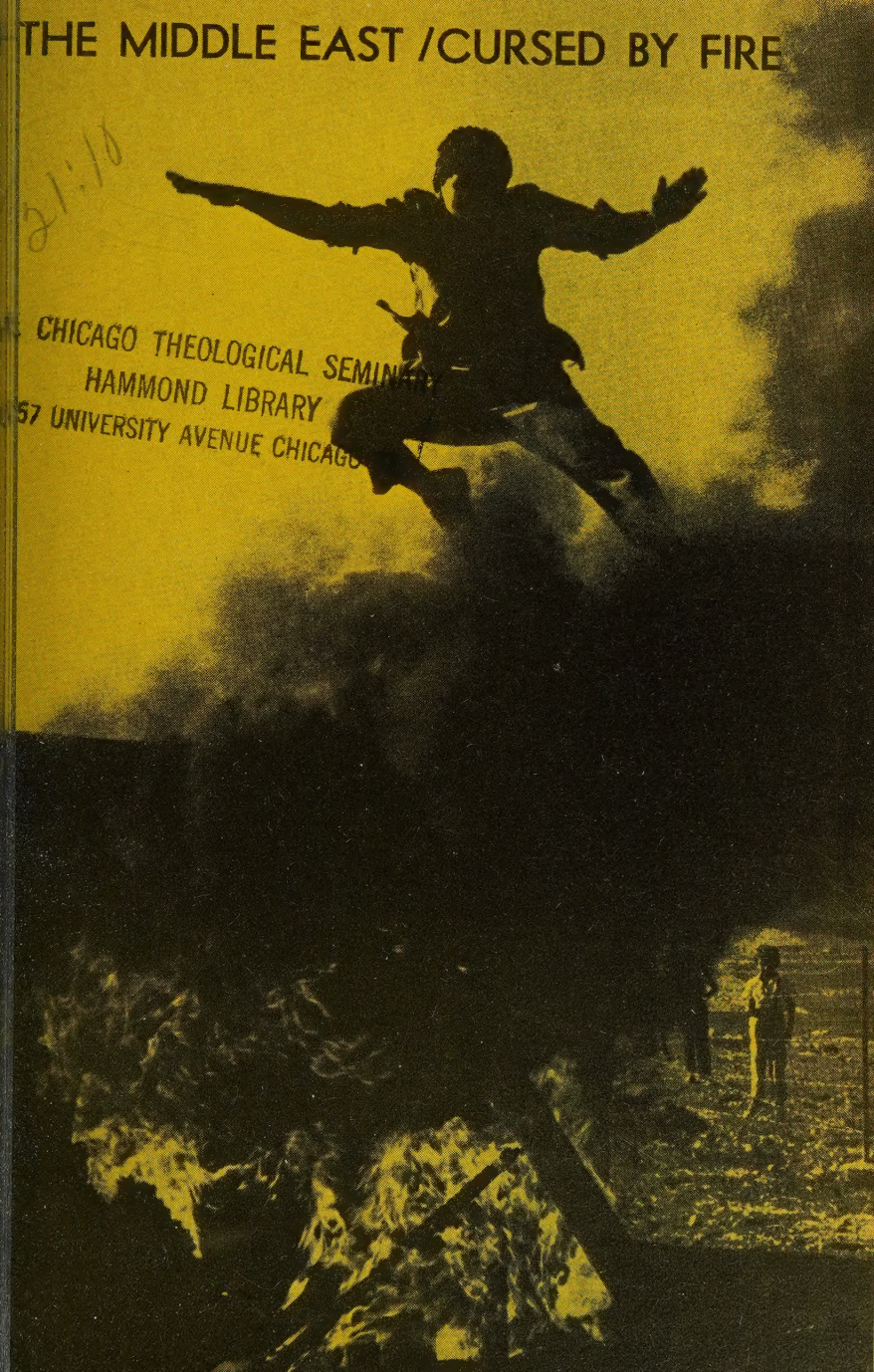
THE MIDDLE EAST / CURSED BY FIRE



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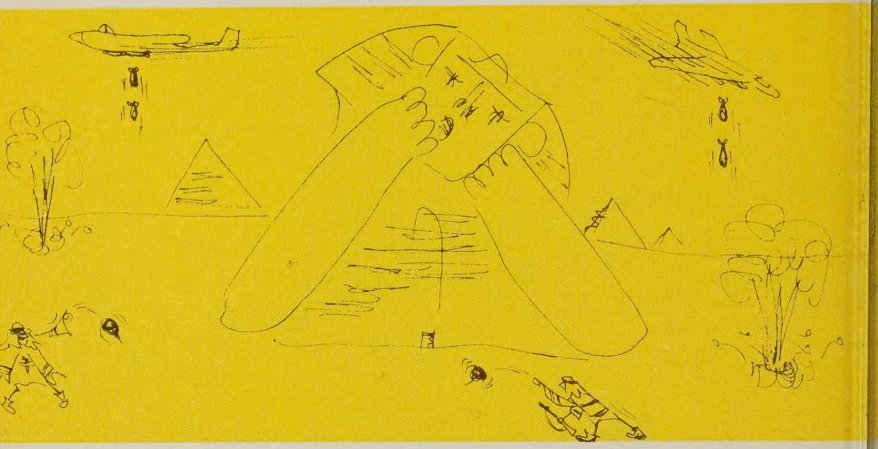

It has been a land inhabited since the beginnings of recorded history—and before! It is a land which, although not rich in resources, has been in great demand —ruled by Egyptians and Babylonians, by Syrians and Hyksos, by Canaanites and Hebrews, by Hasmonians and Romans, by Saracens, by Palestinian Arabs, by the British, and by Israelis. It has been claimed and called holy by Jews, by Christians, and by Moslems.

Therefore this small land of limestone mountains, tableland, and desert cut through by the valley of the Jordan River, and bounded on the west by the Mediterranean Sea, has been also, since the beginning of time, a land at war. It is today.

And, ironically, those at war there today are the literal figurative descendents of som the earliest Semitic people settled and fought over the in the past.

The people whom we call or Hebrews, or Israelites lived were ruled over in the Middle from the time of Moses until proximately 70 AD, when they crushed by the Roman arm Rome was the major power in world at that time and the elites had risen up against Jerusalem and other major were destroyed. The Jews dered and were scattered thro out the Graeco-Roman world.

Then, the Roman Empire lapsed. The "barbarians" scended. Gradually, Christi grew stronger and became the

force in the western world; m became the power of the Mid- East.

From the time of the Middle es, Western Christians perse- ed, or allowed others to per- ute, the Jews in their midst. At ferent points in history, Jews re not considered to be citizens the nation in which they resided, matter how long they or their nily had lived in that place. They re forbidden to own property, to d public office, to enter certain fessions. Thus, it is no wonder, t among these Jews scattered oughout the world the idea of reestablishment of a Jewish ion, paralleling David's kingdom, a dream cherished and kept e. In 1897, following another e of anti-Semitism in Europe, roup of Jewish intellectuals came ether to form the World Zionist ganization, to promote the idea a national homeland for all Jews. During World War I, in return international Jewish support for Allies, Great Britain issued the four Declaration, favoring the ablishment "of a national home the Jewish people" in Palestine. ing the 20's and 30's a number small studies raised cautions as what the creation of a Jewish e might do to the Palestinian bs. One recommendation was t Palestine be partitioned into countries: one Arab, one Jew-

s Nazi persecution of Jews grew during the 1930's many Jews fled Europe for Palestine. As the Jewish population grew, Arab opposition intensified.

World War II ended—the U.S. Congress called for unlimited Jewish immigration into Palestine and the reconstitution of Palestine as a Jewish commonwealth. Other suggestions were made (including opening up of U.S. borders to the Jewish refugees). Britain finally turned over the whole Palestine problem to the United Nations.

So, in 1947 the U.N. partitioned Palestine—borders were established. In December of that year, as British troops were withdrawing, civil war broke out between Arabs and Jews. But, Palestinian Arab resistance quickly collapsed and on May 14, 1948, Israel proclaimed her independence. In this first struggle with the Palestinians, Israel expanded her territory by 50%. Zionism had its home. Jews around the world rejoiced.

But others did not. As the refugees arrived from Germany, France, Spain, Russia . . . they were creating a new refugee situation. The Palestinian Arabs who fled during the early fighting with the Jews were now refugees—and they were joined by other Palestinians who fled Israel after independence either out of fear or hatred of the Jews.

In the refugee there has never been an acceptance of the existence of the nation of Israel. From the day they fled their homes, many

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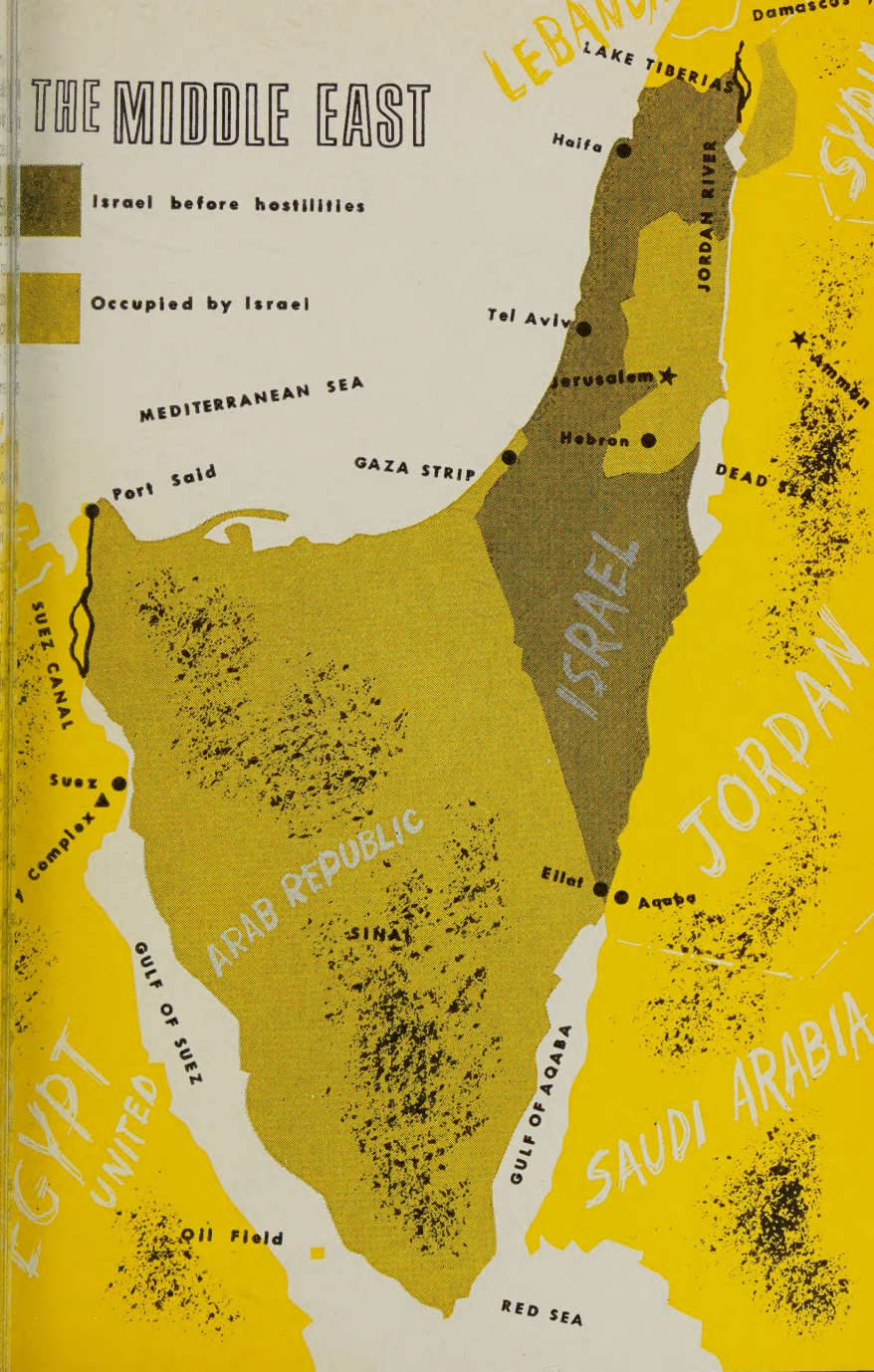
Cover photo by Leif Skoogfors

of these people have had only
dream—to return to a Pales
ruled by Arabs. Throughout
1950's—Arab terrorists campai
sporadically against Israel f
Egypt and Jordan. In 1956
flared up between Israel and Eg
over use of the Strait of Tiran

And in 1967 came the six
war—brought on by tension
tween Syria and Israel over Sy
terrorists attacks, by movemen
UAR forces in Sinai, by a
UAR-Jordan defense pact, and
Arab broadcasts which spoke
exterminating Israel. Israel took
offensive and within the six
held the entire Sinai Peninsula
Jordanian territory west of
Jordan including the city of J
salem, and a 12-mile area of S
A U.N. cease-fire was proclaim
But, the world powers have
tinued arms shipments to all
belligerents in the Middle
(claiming each time it is neces
for the maintenance of a bal
of power). Tensions have not
sened. Sniping, air-raids,
mishes go on. There have been
rorist bombings—and retalia
destruction of villages.

Israel today is a country wit
years of history. She has develo
her land and expanded her
ders. But . . . there are more
200,000 new Palestinian Arab
gees added to the previous m
living on her borders. They
arming—and their children ha
dream. —L.J.


THE MIDDLE EAST
Israel before hostilities
Occupied by Israel
LEBANON
Damascus
LAKE TIBERIAS
Haifa
JORDAN RIVER
Tel Aviv
Jerusalem
Amman
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Hebron
GAZA STRIP
DEAD SEA
Port Said
ISRAEL
SUEZ CANAL
Suez
Complex
JORDAN
ARAB REPUBLIC
SINAI
Eilat
Aqaba
GULF OF SUEZ
GULF OF AQABA
SAUDI ARABIA
EGYPT
UNITED
Oil Field
RED SEA

Papas in © Punch

THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK . . .

CARTOONISTS AROUND THE WORLD SPOTLIGHT THE ISSUES IN

THE MIDDLE EAST

Between Hammer and Anvil . . .

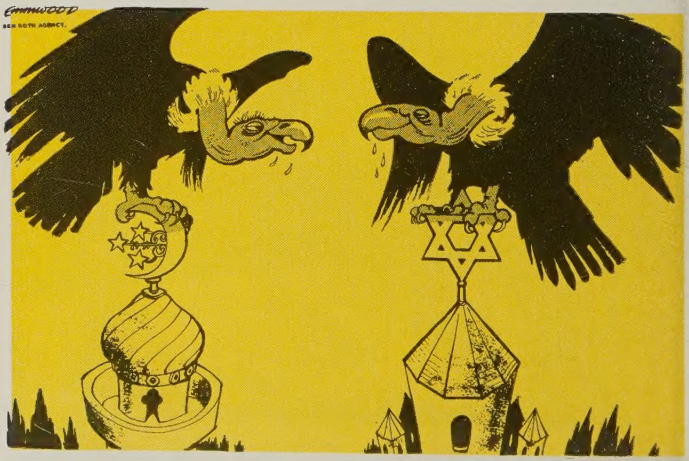
Behrendt in Het Parool, Amsterdam

DAVID AND GOLIATH

McLachlan in © Punch

Donato in Toronto Telegram

Emmwood in London Daily Mail



"A Holy War, eh? That's one we can't lose!"

Pierre in Aux Ecoutes, Paris

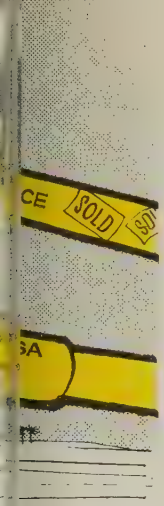
"Don't worry about anything . . . I'm watching"

Papas in © Punch

Waite in London Daily Mirror

"That's agreed then—we tell the Arabs and Israelis to

Cookson in London Daily Mail



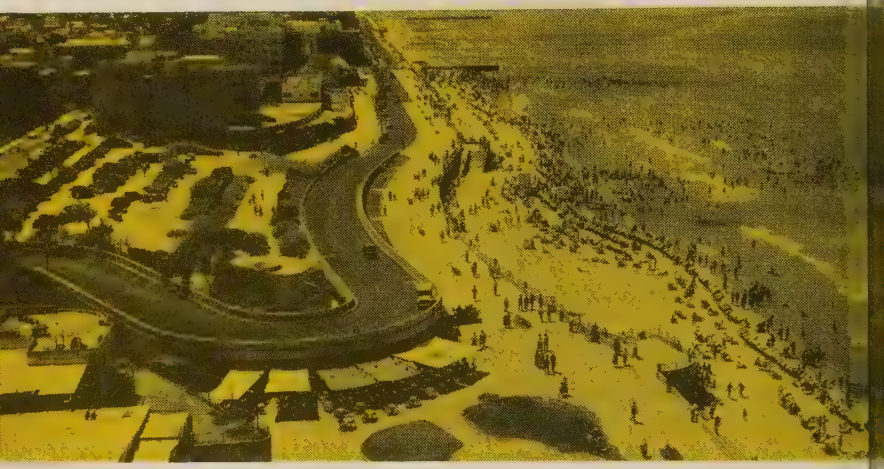
elves."

"Son, Daddy has a little job for you . . ."

Waite in The Sun, Lond

"It's Colonel Nasser
for you, Ahmed!"

THE ISRAELIS FROM TEL AVIV TO THE GOL



BY SANDRA DIBBS

"I feel so sorry for those poor refugees," she said, sipping her lemonade. "Of course, they're not educated and they don't really understand. It's not their fault at all."

She crossed her tanned legs and her mini-skirt revealed a large part of her very shapely legs. We were sitting at the snack bar of the Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv. All around were other girls in bikinis; some were blondes some redheads, others were dark and sultry with glistening eyes similar to the girls I had seen earlier in Jordan.

"We came from all over the world," my companion, Eva, told me. "And we mean to stay."

Eva was 19. Like most of the young people I had met in Jordan, she also was a refugee. She had come to Israel with her mother from Hungary during the 1956 r bellion. All they brought with the were the clothes they wore.

But here in Israel, Eva and h mother had made a good life f themselves. They had a small apar ment in a suburb of Tel Aviv. An with her wages from the Hilto Eva was able to wear the most u to-the-minute fashions, sit in T Aviv's sidewalk cafes by day, an dance the latest steps in the di cotheques at night.

It was easy to assume that Ev led a completely normal life fro a Western point of view. S seemed so much like the 19-yea olds I know in London and Pa and New York. But Israel is n like any other Western state. An the Israelis must constantly remin themselves of this.

GHTS . . . "WE WILL NEVER GIVE UP"

Israel was carved out of land that Arabs had occupied for many centuries. And if Eva and her fellow countrymen wanted to stay, they had to fight. But as I learned, Eva and her friends were indeed ready to exchange their mini-skirts for battle dress and fight.

"I'm going to show you something," she said, brushing her hair back and taking out a cigarette packet. "I'm going to show you what Israel is supposed to be."

The line she drew began 500 miles east of where we were sitting, at the place where the Tigris and the Euphrates meet the Persian Gulf. It passed up through Iraq and then over into Syria.

Then the line slashed into southern Lebanon and met the Mediterranean.

To the south, another 500 miles south of where we sat in Tel Aviv, Eva's line began again at the point where the Nile reaches the Mediterranean Sea. It encompassed most of the Nile delta and then swung eastward, taking in the Suez Canal and the Sinai Peninsula.

"That is what Israel is supposed to be," she said emphatically and tossed the pencil onto the soda fountain. The map she had drawn included land where some 100 million Arabs are currently living. It was virtually the whole Arab world except for the desert beyond.

It would have been easy to dismiss Eva's little map and what it meant for this part of the world. But, a little later, I was driving up from the glistening white apartments and wide boulevards of Tel

s by Israeli Information Service

WE LIVE TOGETHER . . . WE WORK TOGETHER

Aviv to the ancient and beautiful city of Jerusalem. On the way, I passed groups of young people hitch-hiking. Both boys and girls were dressed in khaki. But they had a cheerful swagger about them—the boys with their army caps cocked, the girls with their khaki mini-skirts hitched higher than any you see in London's Carnaby Street.

I picked up one of these small groups who at once told me they were on their way back to their kibbutz. But this was no ordinary kibbutz. This was one of the new Nahal settlements. These are paramilitary settlements established and guarded by groups of young people. By day they plough the land, by night they fight off any Arab commandos who try to infiltrate.

"The Army takes the land, as they did in 1948 and 1967," one young man explained to me. "It's our job to hold it and to settle it."

"We've been together since w were kids," his girl companion e plained. "We were in the sar pioneer youth group and they ke us together if we join the Nahal.

I noticed that the other girl w wearing a small garnet ring her engagement finger. She h shapely hands with long slim finge But her nails were cut short a her skin was rough and callouse They were hands that handled gun or a spade with equal dexteri

I asked about her fiance. "He on duty this weekend," she e plained. "We're in the same se tlement on the Golan Heigh There are about 80 in the gro and several of them are married already. We've got six babies well now."

The children, she explained, st with the group. They are not tak to other kibbutz away from t front line.

Photos by Carl Uehling; Israeli Information

SURVIVE TOGETHER

"Of course not. We live together. We shall survive together."

We were getting up into the Jordan hills now and approaching Jerusalem. Off in the distance I could see the dry austere mountains of Jordan. Hidden in those mountains, I knew, was that infinitely valuable trickle of water, the River Jordan.

A few planks of wood across that river now form the sole contact between the Arabs and the Israelis. The Allenby Bridge. Destroyed in the Six Day War, the bridge has been replaced by a shaky structure which shudders and sways as the trucks, carrying produce from the occupied territories to Amman, lurch across it.

The only other contact is in the deep darkness of night. A hand across the mouth. A knife at the throat.

The Arab guerillas are now making almost daily raids on the Nahal settlements. And when I asked my young friends from the Nahal settlement on the Golan Heights about the fedayeen, I did not receive the contemptuous sneer that usually accompanies any remark about the Arab's fighting ability.

"They fight hard," I was told. "But they are just terrorists. They'll never keep it up. But we must fight to survive. And we shall never give up."

Equal commitment, equal dedication. The Palestinians to liberate their homeland. The Israelis to keep this land they have made their own.

A small scrap of dry land which was once the "Holy Land." Today the focus of such bitterness, such violence, and such hatred. And the outcome seems inevitable. More suffering, more death, and more grief. It is a tragedy for the Palestinian and for the Israeli alike.

os by Israeli Information Service; Leif Skoogfors

THE PALESTINIANS "MAYBE OUR GRAN

BY SANDRA DIBBS

"What's that you've got there, little boy?" I asked.

He bristled, shook his head, and pulled his chin in proudly.

"Then, what's your name?"

Still more bristling; still more headshaking.

There was no need to ask this little boy of eight what he had in his hand. It was all too plain. But the shock was still with me . . . It was a gun.

An ugly black automatic rifle with the curved magazine of Russia's deadly Kalashnikov rifle. When the little boy stood it up, the muzzle was on a level with his clear grey eyes.

To him, this lethal Kalashnikov was as dear a possession as a hockey stick is to an American boy. But possibly if an American boy had had the same life behind him, he too would be carrying a rifle.

The place was the hills of Jordan, not far from where the cliffs and ravines begin to lead down to the River Jordan where Christ was baptized. If we walked a while, we would eventually have seen the hills of Judea and, in the distance, the towers of Jerusalem.

Yet, here in front of me was an eight-year-old boy with a fully loaded rifle in his hands, vowing to kill. I never did learn the little boy's real name. But his teacher told me that his nickname was "The Terror,"

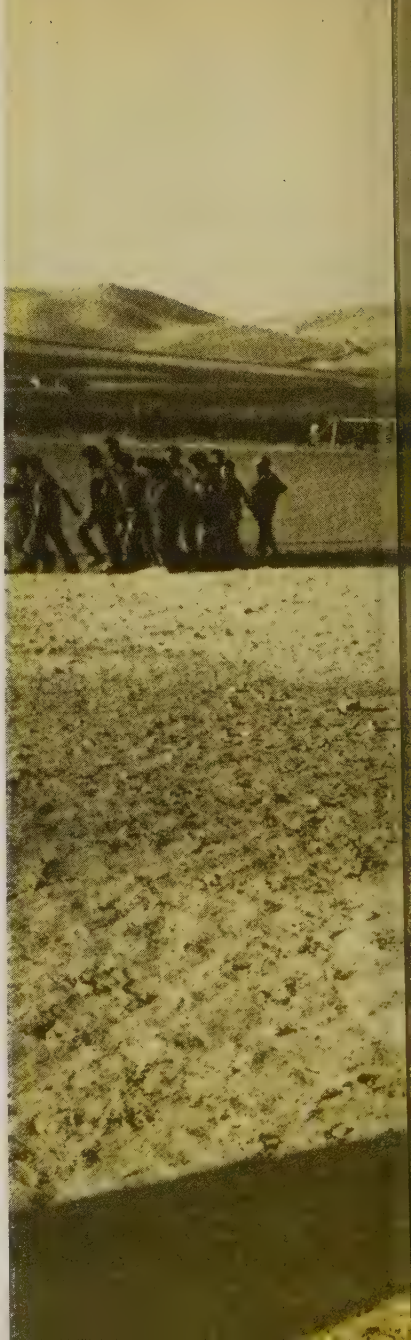


Photo by Leif Skoogfors

..L REACH THE GOAL WE CHERISH . . ."

because of his dedication to the Ashbal movement.

The Ashbal, or Lion Cubs, are the youngest division of Al Fatah, the Palestinian Arab Guerilla group that was organized in 1965 to wage guerilla warfare against the Israelis. Other groups were formed later, but Al Fatah remains the largest. All are dedicated to the liberation of their homeland, the country that is known today as Israel.

In Amman, the capital city of King Hussein's Jordan, I had asked Fatah leaders to show me what life is like for young Palestinian Arabs today. And they brought me up a dirt track, over the beautifully barren and austere hills of Jordan to "The Terror's" Ashbal camp. There were two little boys not much older than "The Terror" at the camp entrance when we drove up. Only when they recognized the Fatah leaders were their Russian rifles lowered from under our noses.

Spread out before us under the clear blue sky was a field. In little groups around the field, small boys were stripping rifles, diving through walls of fire, or creeping up behind their instructors and pretending to slit their throats. A bit later the rat-a-tat-tat of a Russian machine gun broke the rural silence and the boys had to crawl for several yards on their faces as the bullets whistled a few inches over their heads.

"We want to get them used to the sound of bullets," "The Terror's" instructor told me. "O whole movement depends on the youngsters to carry on the figh They will be better than we ha been. Their sons will be bett than they. Maybe their grandc will reach the goal we cherish the return to our beloved Palestine

I had arrived at the camp good spirits, but all the talk death and revenge was getting down. But then the Fatah leac told me about the short but tra life of "The Terror." The sto he told helped me understand t bitterness and violence around and why the organization w named "Fatah," a word compos of the Arabic initials for Pal tine Liberation Movement— versed, because in their corr order the initials spell "death," backwards they spell "triumph."

"The Terror's" parents h worked in an orange grove n the Arab city of Jaffa. They h lived frugal but happy lives in tiny Arab village. An historian he had tried, could probably h traced their ancestors back th sands of years in this same villa Their religion might have chang their rulers might have chang but for all those years they had security of their village and of land.

But in 1948, the Jews, who been persecuted throughout world, had become strong enou to establish the state of Israel that land. In fear of their liv

ecause of stories of Jewish mas-
cres of Arabs, "The Terror's"
arents loaded their few possessions
d fled to that part of Palestine
ll occupied by Arabs.

They settled in a big United Na-
ns refugee camp near Jericho and
arted life anew. The camp was
e a village and they were still
the soil of Palestine. "The Ter-
r" was born in this camp. He
ent to the camp school and
arned to read and write, some-
ing his parents had never done.
e had never seen Jaffa or his
me village. Someone told them
had been bulldozed out of ex-
ence to make room for more
om for more orange groves.

Then, in June 1967 tragedy struck
ain. Another Arab-Israeli war.
d as in 1948, the Arabs lost.
gain, fear and panic made "The
rror's" family flee—this time to
e mountains near Amman, to the
qa's Refugee Camp, a collection
tin huts and tents on the arid
pes of a mountain. The soil there
dry and unfruitful, but in the
nter months, the rains turn the
mp into a mud bath.

In utter misery and helplessness,
he Terror's" father then heard
out Al Fatah. He joined, and
er his son joined the Ashbal.
ne night on a raid across the Jor-
n into Israeli-held territory, "The
rror's" father was killed by an
aeli patrol. Now an orphan, "The
rror" is completely committed to
e cause for which his father died.

For those who have lost everything, there can be no turning back.

Yet, I was told again and again, "It is not revenge we seek, but justice."

On another one of those long hot afternoons, I arrived at a small square house in the suburbs of Amman. My escort was a young commando in the green and brown fatigues and Castro-style cap which have almost become a uniform. We were squeezed into the back seat of an old Volkswagen—his machine gun propped casually between us.

The small house to which he took me was surrounded by a garden of jasmine bushes. A jacaranda tree shaded the front entrance. But one thing distinguished this house from its neighbors: two armed guards stood alertly by the gate.

Despite the assurances of my escort that I was expected, they insisted on making a thorough search of my handbag. Even my powder compact and lipstick were closely examined. I had been told that I was to meet an official of the Palestine Armed Struggle Com-

Once there was a land called Palestine.

mand . . . the organization which coordinates the various guerilla groups' activities. But to my surprise, I was told that a visit had been arranged for me.

Once again in the Volkswagen, we swung out of Amman and up into the hills. Most of the land was uncultivated, but we saw an occasional patch of tobacco plants, a small olive grove, a few goats searching out some shade under an overhanging crag of rock. In the refugee camp that we passed I caught a glimpse of a few sunflowers and a small patch of red tomatoes. One or two of the refugees, who have known the richer soil of the West Bank, have forced the land to yield.

After an hour or so, we turned suddenly into a long winding lane lined with young fir trees. Half way down, a barrier had been erected to serve as a check point. The two guards who stepped out from behind the trees to demand the password were slim young girls. It was only then that I learned that this was a training camp for your Palestinian women who fight side by side with their husbands and brothers, both on raids into Israel and within the occupied territories.

That day, the password was "liberation." The formalities over we were greeted warmly. One of the girls, a pretty teenager with thick dark hair, handed her rifle to her colleague and pulled out a book. Its pages were rather rumpled, and it had obviously been well read. She handed the book to my guide, whose name, I now learned, was Waddir. He was the political instructor at the camp and for an hour or two every day would discuss with the girls political ideology and revolutionary theory.

The book, which had now gone the full rounds of the camp, was *The Diary of Che Guevara*, a best seller in Amman these days.

We drove on a few hundred yards and left the car well hidden in a clump of eucalyptus trees. The exposed terrain of Jordan makes these camps easy targets for Israeli air attacks and their position must be changed frequently.

From there, we walked down a rough drive to a small clearing. Nine or ten large tents were pitched in a semi-circle around a small patch of grass. The grass and shrubs were bleached almost colorless by the fierce sun.

A heavy woman in her 30's came out of the central tent. She was wearing baggy trousers and she

a drab khaki color. On her head s a maroon beret with the badge Al Fatah. She told me her name Narriman and that she and her nrades had already completed first three months of training.

Narriman invited us into the t she had just left and I noticed ign on the dark brown canvas. was one word, painted in red, flowing Arabic script. I asked at it meant. "Jerusalem," she lained. "Each of the tents has name. And this is the adminis- tive center of the camp and the al point of all our activities. Just Jerusalem is the focal point of our aspirations. In the evening gather here. We talk about the t. About life as it used to be in blus and Ramallah and Hebron. d we dream about the future. we shall help to make this fu- e come true."

ater I learned that Narriman, several other girls in the camp, s married. Her husband had ned the Al Fatah guerillas six nths before. Now she was lucky she saw him once a month. Last nth her son, just 16, had also ned the fedayeen.

Fedayeen is the name that the abs give to the commandos. It ans, "he who is ready to sacrifice nself."

The patch of grass between the its had been carefully marked h a chalk circle. It is here that girls receive training in unarmed mbat. Here they learn to dis- mantle, clean, and reassemble Kalashnikov rifles and Soviet machine guns. Every day they spend at least one hour on target practice. Waddir told me that many of them were crack shots, "Better than most men."

The afternoon I was there most of the girls were off on one of their regular ten mile route marches. But Leila had stayed behind. Her hand had been wounded, painfully, but not seriously, in a practice knife fight with the instructor a few days before. Sitting on the prickly grass, sipping thick sweet tea, Leila told me that until 1967 she had lived in Jerusalem and worked as a nurse in the Lutheran-run Augusta Victoria Hospital. She had been on duty on the day when the hospital was shelled by the Israelis as they moved into the eastern sector of the city.

She told of the events of that day calmly. The sick children screaming; the wounded rushed from ward to ward as another section of the hospital was hit. There was pain in her eyes as she remembered; she forgot the bandaged hand that she had been nursing so carefully on her lap.

Since 1967 she had been working in one of the Lutheran clinics in Amman. At 28, she was one of the oldest in the camp. The majority of the girls were in their late teens and early twenties. Many were recent graduates from the American University in Beirut. The

. . . we are not terrorists.

youngest, and the most popular, was Nadia, a tiny 15-year-old with dark hair.

In 1948, Nadia's parents had left their home in the Beisan valley, now in north Israel, for the refugee town of Karameh on the east bank of the Jordan. In March 1968 an Israeli division crossed the river and all but flattened Karameh, which had been a major guerilla base. Now Nadia had rejected life in a refugee camp. "Why?" I asked Nadia, "do you choose to fight?"

"The home I make for my children must be in Palestine," she explained. "Palestine is our homeland. We in this camp are not terrorists. Our brothers and fathers are not terrorists. We can live side by side with the Jews. But once there was a land called Palestine, and we are still Palestinians."

As I was leaving the camp, I noticed a large poster nailed to a tree and asked what it said. "If I die, take my place, my comrade."

These girls were prepared to do that.

Photo by Martin Bailey

Photo by Leif Skoogfors

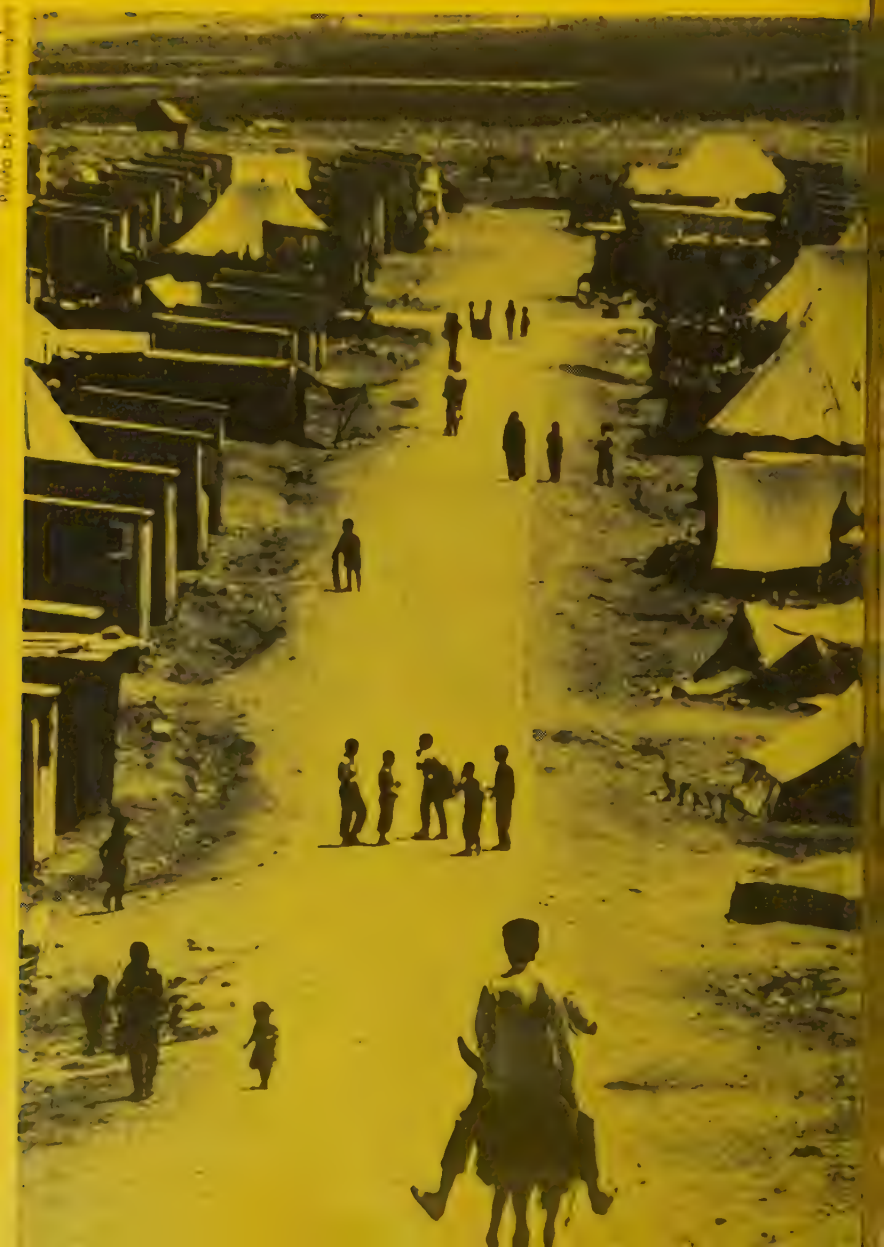
The young Arabs in Israel and the occupied areas will not forget easily. . . . When they see the Israelis impose a curfew or blow up the house of a so-called terrorist, or somebody who has supposedly helped a terrorist, they are shocked and inflamed.

—Altallah Mansour, Israeli Christian Arab
New Yorker

Because Arab guerillas were using the refugee town of Ramallah as a base, Israeli troops crossed the border and razed the village. Shown is the aftermath of the Israeli raid on Arab training camp. In foreground, cans labeled "Donated by the People of the U.S."

Most Israelis have thought of the million Arab refugees created by the establishment of Israel in 1948 as a problem for Arabs.

—Manfred Halpern
The Saturday Review 2/14/70



June 1967: Homeless Arabs fled to Jordan across the demolished Allenby Bridge.

The tragedy of the people of Palestine is that their country was "given" by a foreign power to another people for the creation of a new state. The result was that many hundreds of thousands of innocent people were made permanently homeless. —Bertrand Russell

Photo/UNRWA

bove: This Arab chief is the leader of a rdanian refugee camp. Right: Many Pales- ian Arab children have known nothing but e life of a refugee.

I worry that if the war goes on too long we will lose our human feelings for the Arabs. We must keep our humanity. Otherwise we will not be Israel. —Dr. Rami, Tel Aviv physician
New Yorker

The Israelis say, "Talk to us directly and we may withdraw." The Arab say, 'Withdraw from every inch you conquered and then we may talk, but not directly with you." —James Reston, 2/13,

Photo by Jordan Information Service

An Israeli tank, which was hit, then abandoned during attack on Jordan.

Photo by Carl Uehling

d city wall of Jerusalem illuminated by floodlights for visiting tourists.

Opposite page: A Bar Mitzvah group pauses at the Wailing Wall, and (right) an Israeli military patrol roams the street near the famous Wall.

Photos by Leif Skoogfors

Photo by Carl Uehling

People from all over the world have been drawn to Israel, people who have suffered and endured, excelled and succeeded in every corner of the earth. These people are now coming back home. What I see here is the calling to show the world how to live together, how a majority must learn to treat a minority so that men can be brothers and live together peacefully in spite of the vast differences which they retain as human beings.

—Greek Catholic Archbishop Joseph Raye,
leader of Arab Christians in Galilee
The Christian Century, 2/4/70

S THERE A SOLUTION?

HAT DO YOU THINK IS THE SOLUTION TO THE ARAB-ISRAELI TENSION? s question was put to high school youth throughout the U.S. and Canada. They have ponded in a variety of ways. Among their opinions you may find one that you ree with, or, having read this issue on the Middle East, perhaps you will have a fferent idea from any they have offered!

hink the Arabs should realize that the Israelis just want a deserved home- nd and that they are not a threat in any way to the Arabs.—Tom Bryan/ 5/Hightstown, N. J.

don't think there is any one solution. Peace has to come through co- peration and understanding.—Sue Meyer/17/Milwaukee, Wis.

e only complete solution would be the complete annihilation of one or oth. The only practical solution is a complete arms boycott by outsiders nd perhaps time to allow the Jews to become Israelis.—Carter Jones/17/ ynchburg, Va.

ell the Soviets that we are going to supply the Israeli with military power nd grant transportation and asylum for anyone who wants to leave the ountry.—Jonathan Carter/15/Meriden, Conn.

secure peace in the Middle East lies in the hands of the Arabs and raelis. There must be no imposed peace by the big powers. However— ven at the cost of more Jewish lives—*Israel must live!* The Arab states ust stop deceiving their people. The Jews and Arabs have much to are but the Arabs must acknowledge that Israel *is real!*—Jeffrey Green/ 7/Woodstock, Conn.

otal suppressive action by one of the two powers.—David A. McKinney/ 9/Warren, Mich.

or the U.S.A. to just sit back and not interfere. Whatever the problem , the Arabs and Israelis must work it out themselves—or the problem ill never be settled.—Carolyn Davis/16½/Stoneham, Mass.

lave all countries give the countries of Israel and Arab nations their arms hich are paid for, and then send in a U.N. delegation that'll *do* some- ning.—Cynthia Schaar/15/Scranton, N. D.

et them fight it out. They're spoiling for it.—Mike Erickson/14/Indianap- lis, Ind.

or other countries to leave them alone.—David High/16/Madison, Tenn.

hey have to settle their problem themselves, and the United States should eep her nose out of it for once! !—Ginger Packard/16½/Walpole, Mass.

Israel should give up all land conquered after the 1948 partition and rep the Arab refugees for damages.—Ted C. Nace/13/Dickinson, N.D.

I don't know really in technical terms but one thing—war cannot be heal by more war.—Ann Haruki/15/Kapaa, Hawaii.

I think both should throw down their arms and become brothers.—Ly Junas/15/Wilton, Conn.

The only solution is to dissolve the feelings between the two natio Neither will give. It is impossible right now, but time may change thing Janna Kremer/16/Chagrin Falls, Ohio

If both sides would "mean" peace instead of "talk" peace and the Ara accept that they lost the seven days war. They don't deserve to get ba the lands lost.—David Smith/17/New Orleans, La.

I think both sides are over-nationalistic and could easily come togeth if they wanted to. I also think the U.S. should keep out of it.—Al Richardson/14/Seattle, Wash.

Ten million pounds of understanding. 24 hours of love. And centuries effort for peace.—Heidi Korslin/17/Brookfield, Wis.

I think that the Israelites are doing a good job of standing up for the selves. I think that the UAR is the problem and Israelites have as mu right to be there as they do.—David Baird/16/Maryville, Mo.

The countries themselves trying to cooperate and sit down to talk ov their differences.—Sharon Zettlemoyer/15/Bethlehem, Pa.

Let them fight it out themselves. There is too much tension in the wor now for this to keep boiling. I think the Arabs are afraid of Israel.—Dou Lloyd/15/Lenoir, N. C.

They ought to figure out what they're fighting about!—Julie Wagner/1 Los Alamos, N. M.

Insight and compromise on both sides. Each side has to appreciate ea other and realize its existence.—Diane Harvey/15/Barrington, R.I.

I believe the answer lies in the future with the youth of today. If they cou just understand each other. Languages all over the world cause proble like this, due to lack of communication.—Mary Giken/16/Sunnyside. Was

Either a disease that would wipe out either or both of them or a decisiv war. Or maybe someone could arrange for a miracle.—Gregory Stillman 18/ Walpole, Mass.

If I knew the answer you would be the first to know. This is a ridiculo question.—Diann Rushing/16/Waco, Texas

ere is no true solution to the tension. It would ease if there were no re military supplies given to them, Arab or Israeli, but the trouble uld flare up at another time.—Raymond Griffith/17/Sechelt, British lumbia, Canada

: Ban all arms shipped to either side (enforce); 2nd: Urge Arabs and aelis to pursue peaceful settlement; 3rd: Use force to end conflict.—eorge Powell/17/Elgin, Ill.

ke it to the United Nations and keep big powers out of the actual hting.—Steve Wolff/16/Culver City, Calif.

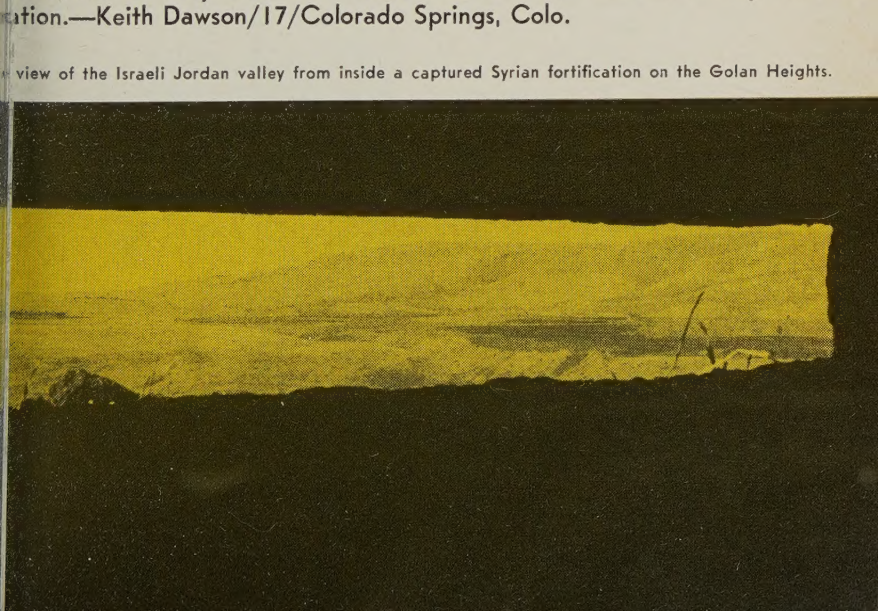
arms embargo for both sides and further negotiations to solve problems. nce these and other solutions are very unlikely, I predict the conflict will t for some time to come.—Gregor Campbell/14/Halifax, Nova Scotia, nada

e Israelis should pull out of the war and give back their land.—Nancy rby/14/Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

seems strange to say that both sides are being childish, when people e dying and suffering, but it also seems true to me. "That's mine. Give back!"—"Ya wanna make me, huh?"—"You hit me so I'm gonna knock ur block off."—Then to big papa U.N., "He started it!' You spank ildren, but what do you do with nations of adults, paddle them in the ocketbook? ? ?—Pam Farley/16/ Attleboro, Mass.

ere will be no solution until the Arabs realize that they must exist with e Jewish as they must with French, Americans, Russians, or any other ation.—Keith Dawson/17/Colorado Springs, Colo.

view of the Israeli Jordan valley from inside a captured Syrian fortification on the Golan Heights.



LET IT BE . . .

Lord—we would pray for peace
in the Middle East
Partly out of concern for the
people and the suffering there—
Partly out of guilt for our
own role in their war—

Help us Lord to act responsibly,
to learn how we may be brothers
to both Arabs and Israelis.

O Lord God—you whom Moslems and
Jews and Christians all worship—
enter our hearts, that in your love
we may overcome our hatred and see
each other through your eyes.

Amen.

Prayer by Laura-Jean Mashrick